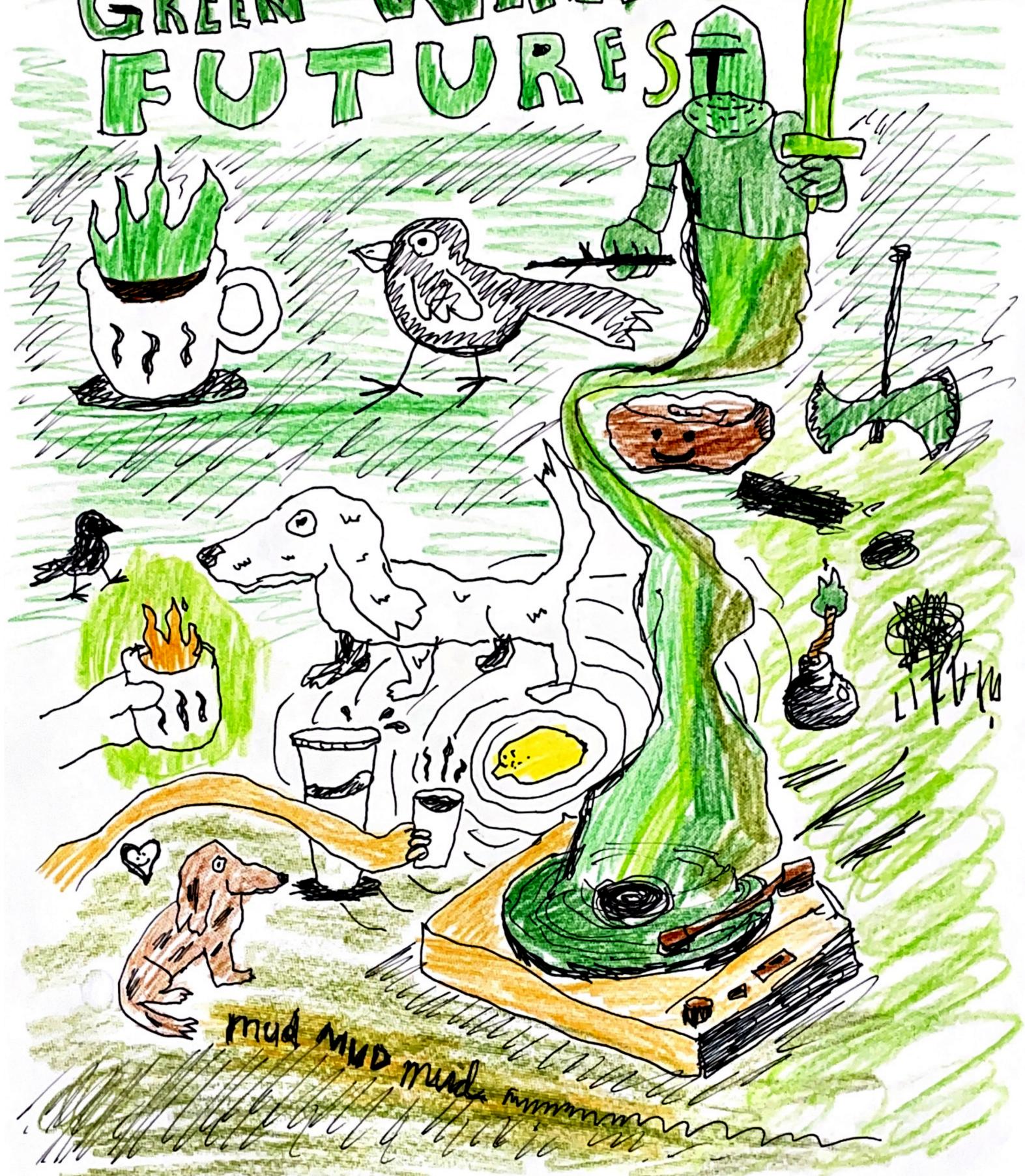


GREEN WAX FUTURES



green wax futures

lakewood leaks through my shoes.

my hand's a faucet

we siphon ☕: me→drip-nebula, m̄→capuccino (smaller than yesterday's Shibam supernova)

park ideas & walk into room with breathing walls

kava slips into to-go universes (ghost of kath's future shrug)

battery at 3%, brain at 1%, rain toggles drip-mode,

carry k̄ sideways into a flickering [redacted] where songs [redacted] under glass.
smile or something?

some clerk promises "you'll find what you lost"

rapid eye movement triggers visions of tiger's eye & green wax

nice npc clerk spawns database-scroll & promises SMS oracle ping

acquired completion backward principle & love bomb

m̄ pockets beirut artifacts



brown quasar h̄ yelps and i fall through a sidewalk crack,

new yoga pose invented: wet dachshund grief pose.

kava splashes up my nose, a lemon light

k̄ blue screens and declares potion "mud of the beyond"
screams in [redacted] fuchsia & chartreuse

m̄ levels up to kava adept +10 serenity

k̄ + h̄ collapse into reverse candles of wet-dog ozone.

<in future: new tigers, greener knights, tubes unrolling backward forever>

banana-kratom sprites giggle from a heating vent

dogs sleep cozy & well! :-)

purple peep protocol



downtown cleveland got a pizza spot so good i astral projected into a lisa frank notebook
it tasted like someone finally read my mind and answered with dough.

- Scungey Dave, local bench philosopher and off-brand candle enthusiast

purple peep protocol

flavo-lit corridors in the 78th-street hive,
yellow-tent aura flickers over freight bricks-
gallery = packet-switched wonderland, routing me past
[REDACTED]'s memory-gauze thumbnails,
[REDACTED] bot's chrome-tooth monsters reload my Game Boy camera battery.

paint smell + faint synthwave from someone's open studio door
(i keep it in my cheek like Big League Chew, [REDACTED] stale, grape.)

windows-media-player sheep drift on Toth's light table,
color bars ooze into puddles of neon koi,
looped daylight glitches into [REDACTED] paint noise;
my retina records at 40 Hz, buffer overruns into
urgent-universal crayon suns wearing Kevlar halos.

cat-camouflaged shadows under easels-

black-white plush scouts (S [REDACTED]/W [REDACTED])
meow-morse "adopt us" at my coat pocket,

so I draft adoption papers on a [REDACTED]
bottom-floor café \$1 turkish_coffee in a thimble --with-cardamom
cardamom flash-bangs the tastebuds,
re-routes synapses to snowy Umeå fika, 2016,
kanelbulle steam curling over Baltic dusk.

micro-Proust loop //

cinnamon-steam fog of memory LUTting the screen a warm sepia
i bite into nostalgia & swallow two decades whole.

purchase log:

- 1 x tufted PURPLE PEEP (rug / relic / warp-node)
- two pocket-cats (purring Morse bring us home)

vendor's grin = checksum verified;

transaction echoes up the stairwell like dial-up handshakes.

night-drive back: dashboard mutters joystick prayers, . ,
streetlights strobe into extrapolated diamonds; - [REDACTED] -

every orange bulb a waypoint, every song a save-state

until home monitors acquire the signal:

a hush-toned docu-loop about bright hearts decoding eye-contact
each dialogue a soft-physics collision easing the day's latency.

i sip leftover cardamom air





TEST
PRESSING



caroliner rainbow in boba jail (test pressing)
rudy's strudel: soviet loaf
kołaczki wriggling like guilty coins in my coat pocket
(angel wing crusts missing like the Estoc in the shop most days)
under a dumb sun that forgets me hourly
i think a lady behind me said "that's not a pastry, it's history."
"flavor of europe" since 1948,
which means somewhere a grandpa
is still chewing
record store smelt like someone paused a VCR
mid-Treasure Planet trailer
moog pronounced moog yes moog exactly (i think...)
"moog" is a sound you hear before falling downstairs.
store owner confirms: it's moog
■ held a moog like a baby bird
i touched a sealed don cherry & apologized
the owner's teeth grills spelled "RARE PRESSING"
so i knew to trust his opinions on ukrainian krautrock
and he said caroliner shifts names like
an arby's worker fleeing unpaid parking tickets
caroliner rainbow presents: this is NOT the salad you think it is
"no refunds for boba crimes."
i ate a whole olive by mistake then bought more olives on purpose
■ said it tasted like "museum,"
but i don't think museums taste like that.
guardians of traffic gave me
no guidance,
offered side quests in an RPG no one's finished
mitchell's ice cream: not a fan of the oakland A's
& ceiling fans spun like 80s propaganda
waffles adorned walls drippy oozy
a child briefly screamed then retracted their own emotion.
played a game where the button was missing
but if you yelled at it, you still won
non-alcoholic beer is a prank played by people
with good balance
mini-bowled near a corporate mixer

three men named brad doing
a synchronized golf laugh
floor was sticky with ambition
my score was 13,000 hedge funds
someone clapped
possibly at me
i bowed
walked to superior pho
uggggghhhh not too bad... not too bad... ~me, quoting james b jones
street buckets were not collecting rain
collecting synthetic car oil maybe 5w30
pho broth slapped my lips
(i remember veggietales theme and mutter it to myself then eat a cucumber, sorry!)
table felt like a hospital tray from the year futurism died.
mango mango mango mango.
ate it with a small plastic fork that
looked like it belonged to a hedgehog
watched kin-dza-dza part 1
button was pressed, capitalism forgotten
a man said "ku" and meant seventeen things.
someone clapped wrong.
i clapped once.
james has a sword made of eye contact
adan designs anime characters that smell like diesel].
tanner once high-fived the moon.
not metaphorically. there are pictures
crepe dust in my fingernail &
tiny spoon taped to my phone
i carry these things like
the day ended with a burp.
not mine. not yours. ambient.
gifted by cleveland itself.
somewhere,
m█'s synth baby passed the bar exam
the caroliner record changed its name again -- straight to boba jail!
and street bucket no. 9 won't stop watching me



blank page



"more coffee?"

yea sure

("also time is fake here," said the waitress' shirt)

eat a peep

above, coffee leaked into my hoodie hood

it warm

click —————

museum slept like a dinosaur skeleton

thinking 'bout those yellow pants

gods and garbage met on purpose,

dripped post-shower. a goddam mess

Open Access dust blew across the ARTLENS Wall

a small woman (VERY SMALL) trades ketse for silence

click —————

living room coughing desert sand

coughing kava dirty ass dirt mud water crud

gloss-eyes punch kin-dza-dza ii button

the tears unplanted no water no maps

gotta be adversarial & crawl

because maybe water was cancelled here too.

ku. kyu. sideways prayers from a sideways economy

<kyu-o3 not close to being trained>

click —————

Love on the Spectrum season 3 finale hugs
the soft holy mutual misunderstanding of an awkward gaze
spinning like a coin that chooses

between heads and not tails

wealth safety net for any/all (in)action, courtesy of P.J.

STRAAAANGERS IN THE NIIiiiiLIGHT

click —————

going back to georgia

twin-gravitsapa machine

my bag a rectangle of sleepy rocks, single moog stock

electromagnetic ghost crumbs stuck inside !!

a man shouts into a meat-phone

how much he makes every two weeks

women behind me blinking in Morse Code: "this is not worth it"
but it is, because here i am

carrying kin-dza-dza in my pocket

lukewarm grumpy's coffee

boiling lightly in my now-crimson chest.

(back to different average reality with new memories back to the same but sorta different also)

pepelatz liftoff takes us there!!!!!!!

